NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1859.

POETRY.

The Merry Laugh.

- I loverto hear a merry laugh, Out-ringing, wild and free, As floats the music of the winds Across the sunny sea.
- The merry laugh goes hand in hand With bappiness and mirth: And at its silvery toned command Joy nestles round each hearth.
- The merry laugh bespeaks a heart With noble feelings warm: One that will bravely do its part In sunshine or in storm,
- The music of a merry laugh
- Then let the merry laugh ring out Upon the balmy air, And let its gladness put to rout The bold intruder.—Care.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIDNEY GREY:

SCHOOL LIFE.

CHAPTER III BEGINNINGS.

The drive was a short and silent one. Charlotte ventured a few observat ons of the badness of the reads, on the number of curious round chimneys they passed, and on the general smokiness of the country; but no one answered, for the window at the front of the carriage was open, and every time she spoke the servant on the box turned round and listened. This would have prevented any conversation if the children had been inclined to talk; but they were not inclined. They were feeling, as every one has done who has experienced a parting, that the arrival at the new home is the worst part of leaving the old one.

A painful sense of loneliness and strangeness came over them when the cab stopped before a fall words and the arrival of the strangeness.

ame over them when the cab stopped before a ill wooden gate, and the servant jumped down om the box, and told them to get out of the

tall wooden gate, and the servant jumped down from the box, and told them to get out of the cab, for now they were at home.

The wooden doors opened into a square, dusty-looking garden, walled round; a straight gravel walk led up to a red brick house, with the whitest possible stone steps, and the brightest possible brass knecker. Sidney, seeing that 10 one opened the door, was about to lift it; but he was told graffly to be patient, and not to knock the door down. Very patient and dismayed, the children stood for five minutes, while their aunt's servant quarreled with the cabman, and had the boxes brought up to the door. When this was done, she gave a very gentle tap, and the door opened a little way.

"Betsy," she said to some one inside, "bring a closhes-brush and a hand-brush."

"I wonder why," said Charlotte.

"Look at the dust on your clothes, and on these boxes. Do you think you're fit to come into a clean house?" said the servant, sharply.

"But, dear me," said Charlotte, 'do people brush themselves before they come into houses here?"

Prush themselves before they come into houses there?"

"I do, and you'll do, if you live here. Children et mo children, after all the years that I've been cleaning, I'm not going to die in dirt."

By the time this sentence was concluded, Betsy, a good-tempered-looking girl, arrived with the brushes, and was instructed to brush the children well, and then let them go in at the door one by one. In the mean time, the eller servant, whose name the children learned was Sarah, commenced a vigorous attack on the bexes with the head-head. Sarah, commenced a vigorous attack on the boxes with the band-brush. Charlotte and her Robinson Crusee box were the last articles to undergo the ordeal, and were allowed to enter the house brushes, and shut the door. The stone hall, with its shining oil-cloth, which looked as if i had never been tredden on; its fine polished oak table and white stone floor, looked cold and uninhabitable,

been tredden on; its fine polished oak table and white stone floor, looked cold and uninhabitable, even with the summer-evening sun shining into it. The children looked at each other, and wondered whether any one ever spoke here above a whisper. Sarah spoke first, loudly and sharply enough to dirpel all fear of too great silence.

"Well," she said, "this is the hall. You see the oil-cloth. When you walk across the hall you'll please to mind to tread upon that, and not on the stones. Those three doors are locked, you had better not be soiling and wearing out the door-handles by trying to open them. This room you may go into—there's a mat at the door to wipe your feet on the last thing."

As she finished speaking the threw open the fourth and last door opening into the hall, and followed the children into the room. It was an old fashioned dining-room. There was a bookcase at one end; a spindle-legged table, inlaid with brass, in the middle; and stiff, high-backed chairs ranged against the walls. A Turkey carpet covered the floor; and over the carpet were spread, here and there, strips of matting, connecting together five chairs placed in the different parts of the room, and verging towards the table. Sarah's eye glanced with satisfaction over the room.

"There," she said: "I've been three days

the table. Sarah's eye glanced with satisfaction over the room.

"There," she said; "I've been three days getting this room ready for you; so now, mind, you are never to tread on the carpet. Those live chairs covered with brown Holland are for you; you have no call to touch any of the others. When you want a chair, you are to go along there; when you have to go to the table, you walk along there; when you want a book from the shelf, you are to stand on that oilcloth; and you will never want to go to that table by the wall, for there is nothing on it that you may touch." you may touch."
Charlotte, Edward and Amy all opened their

Charlotte, Edward and Amy all opened their mouths at the same time for an indignant protest; but, before they had time to begin, there eame a knock at the door, and Betsy looked in, and said, "My missis's bell; she has rung twice to see the young ladies and gentlemen. Sarah's countenance changed. "See them, indeed, and talk, and bring on a feverish fit, and lie awake all night. No, indeed! Go and tell her —— But stay, Betsy; she wont rest unless she sees one of them. You must one of you go."

go."
"I'll go," said Sidney, seeing a very unsatisfactory expression on all the other faces.
"No," said Sarah; "you're just the one who shall not go; the less you walk up and down stairs the better. As if feet were not enough to wear out carpets without crutches; who'd have thought—Miss Grey you had best come up and sneak to your aunt."

Amy rose slowly, and followed with a look which said plainly, "I don't always intend to submit to be so ordered." Sarah led her up stairs, and along a passage. In passing she showed her two rooms, opposite each other, in each of which stood two white curtained beds. "These are your rooms and your brothers," she said.

said.

Amy looked in. The rooms were perfectly clean and tidy; but they looked bare and comfortless to Amy, with their scanty, old-fashioned furniture, and narrow slips of faded carpet. When they reached the door of Mrs. Ellice's room, Sarah stopped. "Let me see what kind of shoes you have on." Sarah showed the tip of her small foot in its dainty bronze shoe. "Well, you may comein, but make as little noise as you can."

Sarah spoke in almost a gentle voice, and softly opened the room door. The first thing Amy saw in the room was a sofa by the window; a fragife gentle-looking old lady half lay, half sat on the sofa, with her face eagerly turned to the door. "Is this Amy?" said a very gentle voice; and two thin, trembling hands were stretched out to vard her.

At any other time, Amy's heart would have warmed at this sight; but it was frozen hard just then, with wounded pride and discontent. She walked slowly across the room, put out one of her gloved hands, and said stiffly, "How do you do, Aust Ellice?"

"My dear child, my dear child. The old lady meemed agitated, and sank back upon her pillow."
"My dear, I have been expecting you a long time." Sarah spoke in almost a gentle voice, and soft-

time."

"Tou had best lie still now, and take your drops enarm," said Sarah, in a voice half kind and half demineering. "I told you it would be too much for you, if you would see any one this evening, so peerly as you have been all day."

"Yes, I know you are always considerate Sarah," said Mrs. Etlice; "and I have been say ing to Betsy how comfortably, I was sure, you

pected. "Sarah, what was that I heard you say? You are an old servant Sarah; but I cannot allow you to speak in that way. I am sure you understand me Sarah."

Sarah stood upright, grim and silent—not a muscle of her f.ce moved. Mrs. Ellice sighed deeply, and lay back on her pillow again. There was a short silence; and then Amy said in a more cordial tone, "Good night, aunt, I think, as you are so tired, I had better not stay any longer."

as you are so tired, I had better not stay any longer."

"Good night, my dear. This is one of my bad days; I am not always so easily tired. We shall know each other better soon; and I hope, I do hope, you will all be comfortable."

Amy said she hoped so, and then she walked out of the room. She left it with a heavier heart than she had brought into it, for she felt that she left a leavy heart behind her. The room down stairs looked more comfortable when she re-entered it, than it had done before, for Betsy had brought is a tea-tray and urn, and the coilden had taken off their walking things, and were scated round the table. Amy has heard their voices loud in despute as she passed down the hall, and the instant she entered the ro m, all eyes we e turned in appeal to her.

Now we stall see what Amy will do," said Frank.

"Yes, we shall see what a side above the miles of the content of the conten

"Yes, we shall see whose side she will take,"

"Yes, we shall see whose side she will take," said Charlotte.
"Do? About what?" asked Amy.
"Ab ut chairs, to be sure," replied Charlotte.
'Don't you see we are two and two? Edward and I have made up our minds that we will never submit to tyrsnny. We never will sit in those brown Holland chairs no, not if we stand for the rest of or I lives; and, would you believe it? Sidney won't join us! He has actually taken one of the chairs Sarah said he was to take, and Frank has done the same."
"The brown Holland chairs are just as comfortable as the others," said matter-of-fact Frank. "What is the use of giving ourselves trouble about trifies?"

"What is the use of giving ourselves trouble about trifles?"
"It's not a trifle." said Charlotte, hotly. "We don't care about the comfort of the chairs; it's the principle of the thing."
"Yes." said Sidney, quietly; "it is the principle of the thing."
"Really, Sidney," said Amy, in a very fretful voice, "we are all a great deal too tired to talk or think of principles to-night. I shall take whichever chair comes first."

whichever chair comes first,"
A large arm-chair, more comfortable-looking than the rest, stood temptingly near the top of the table. Amy drew it forward and sat down.

"Three against two," cried Charlotte, trium-

"Three against two," cried Charlotte, triumphantly.

"Nonsense, Charlotte," said Amy; but though
she repeated to herself that she really was too
ired to think that night, her conscience told her
hat she had made a bad beginning, and commitd herself to the wrong side. She tried to talk
ay her irritation, by finding fault with the
all allowance of tea in the caddy, with the
blueness of the milk, and the brownness of the
sugar.

"We had better make the best of what ve "We had better make the best of what we have." said Charlotte; "for the future I should not be surprised if we have no tea at all. Sarah keeps all the stores, and gives everything out by little and little. Betsy says she thinks that Aunt Ellice lerself is afraid to ask for things sometimes. Sarah rules everything, and"—
"Oh Charlotte!" interrupted Amy, "have you been gossiping with the servants already, and about our aunt, too?"
"It was not gossiping," said Charlotte. "I was obliged to help."—"I was obliged to help."—"I they would have stayed in the hall all night if I had not."

Amy's conscience told her of faults of her ewn indulged aiready, and she felt disinclined to continue the conversation; so she did not point out the evasion in Charlotte's answer, and the party relapsed into silence. Amy employed herself after tea in unpacking and arranging some of her own and her brothers' clothes; but she did it in the desultory, unsatisfactory way in which neeple always work when their minds are full of weariness of discontent. When she returned to the dining-room she found Sidney looking thoroughly wearied out, while Charlotte, Edward, and Frank stood at a window, talking in rather loud tones. Amy distinguished the words "sides," "not submit to tyranny," "fuss about nething," "brown Holland chairs." Her heart smote her when she looked at Sidney's face, which were the expression of pain she knew so well in it. In the morning, when they parted from their father, how eager they had all been with promises to care first for him, and new how full they all were of other things! She hastened up to him. "Dear Sidney, why did you sit up when you were so tired? Why did you wait for me?"

"I waited because I thought you would not Amy's conscience told her of faults of her own

you git up when you were so threat why all you wait for me?"
"I waited because I thought you would not like to have prayers without me the first night."
"Prayers?" cried Amy and Charlotte together; "but how can we have prayers here without papa to read?"
"I could read," said Sidney. "I have brought without any and prayer-book down, you see."

er; "but how can we have prayers here without papa to read?"

"I could read," said Sidney. "I have brought my Bible and prayer-book down, you see."

He seemed to take it so much a matter of ourse that no one felt it strange. He read the seem for the day and one or two collects. There was nothing particularly appropriate to their new situation either in the chapter or the grayers; but when the children rose from their knees they felt differently from what they had done when they knelt down. Charlotte and Frank had recollected that they were members of one family, and felt less inclined to dispute about sides; and Amy had been reminded of a Father and a kingdom in heaven, and the discontented expression had passed from her face. As they wished good night, Sidney said, "Do you know I have discovered one pleasant thing about this room that I think you have all overlooked? Look there."

He pointed to a small picture as he spoke, that hung over the chluney-pice. It was a portrait of a young girl of Amy's, and bright blue eyes like Edward's and Charlotte's.

"Mamma," cried all the children together. "How like."

"Yes," said Charlotte; "I never saw her with such a color, or such long hair; but just look at the way she turns her head, and the smile—just as she used to look round at us when we came back into her room after a walk, when she was ill. Can't you fancy she is going to say, 'I am glad you have come back at last, dear children?"

The tears stood in Amy's eyes.

"That picture must have been taken when mamma was a girl, and lived in this house. She has seen all these things, and walked about in these rooms, and, perhaps, been ordered by Sarah. Yes, it is possible to feel at home here."

With these last thoughts and words the children went to rest for the first night in their new home, with more tranquit minds than there had seemed any hope of their attaining half an hard-here."

new home, with more tranquil minds than there had seemed any hope of their attaining half an

CHAPTER IV.

NOTHING TO DO. The first thing the children heard in the morning was, that their aunt had been very ill during the night. Sarah had been obliged to go out so the doctor, and seemed to take it amiss that symy and Sidney had slept tranquilily through all the commotion. At least, this was the only ground of complaint Sidney supposed she had against them, and the only way he could account for the displeased face she brought to the door whenever Amy knocked at it with inquiries after their annt's health, and requests to be allowed to come in and sit with her. Amy was less surprised at being refused admittance to her aunt's room. She could not help acknowledging to herself that the specimen of temper she had given on her first visit, was reason enough for Sarah's being unwilling to accept help from her; and she thought, with a sigh, how completely her plans of being such a great comfort to her aunt seemed likely to fall to the ground. The children were left very much alone, for Sarah was shut up all day in Mrs. Ellice's room. They felt quite at loss what to do with themselyes. A melancholy quiet reigned through the house, upstairs and down. Outside was one incessant downpouring of rain, which themselyes. A melancholy quiet reigned through the house, upstairs and down. Outside was one incessant downpouring of rain, which themselyes. A melancholy quiet reigned through the trees on to the black grass in the smoky garden, and made melancholy looking pools on the gravel walk before the door. They generally congregated together in the parlor. Amy turned over the books in the little The first thing the children heard in the morn-

would have arranged everything for the children. It is such a comfort to be sure of that, as I cannot go about myself to see it done. You have found everything comfortable in your new home, I hope, my dear?"

Amy could not have seen the anxious expresin the gentle grey eyes, or she would not answered as she did. Her words came out owly: "Fhank you, aunt Ellice, I can't say I ke what I have seen of the house."

"Then if you don't like it, you may leave it," interrupted Sarab, in a louder tone than she had yet spoken in Mrs. Ellice's room."

Mrs. Ellice's room."

Mrs. Ellice's room."

Mrs. Ellice's room."

Sarah, what was that I heard you say? You are an old servant Sarah; but I cannot allow you to speak in that way. I am sure you understand me Sarah."

Sarah stood upright, grim and silent—not a muscle of her f. ce moved. Mrs. Ellice sighed dearly, and lay back on her rillow again. There

to pass as slowly.

The fourth merning, however, brought relief

The fourth merning, however, brought relief to every one. It was a line day—that in itself was cheering. Mrs. Ellice sent word that she was better, and hoped to see her nephews and nieces in the course of the day; and Sarah brought the message with a tolerably good-tempered face. The afternoon's post, too, hought a letter from Mr. Grey. It was a very long letter, written from Portsmouth, just as he was preparing to embark on board the ship that was to take him to India. It was full of little was take him to India. was preparing to embark on board the ship that was to take him to India. It was full of little scrams of home news, of allusions to past times, of gent e hints of advice to one and another of the children: it did more than even the sunshine towerd dispelling the listless, discontented mood that was creeping over them. The first result of reading this letter was, that Sidney remembered a letter with which his father had entrusted him to Ar. Folliot Wire, the master of the grammar-school in the town, and that Edward was dispatched to deliver it, and to ascertain whether the school had re-assembled, and when they were to begin their attendance. While he was away Amy exerted herself so far as to bring down Charlotte's and Frank's lesson-books, and consulted Sidney about the best plan for carrying on their studies; and Charlotte resisted the temptation to go and gossip with Bet y in the kitchen, and employed herself in putting tidy her own and her brother's bedrooms, which were in a state to have astonished Sarah if she had had leisure to look at them. It was long past teatime when Edward returned; and Charlotte saw, by the first glance at his face, that he was in one of his don't-ask-me-any-questions humors. He sat down and drank the coid tea and eat the bread and butter which Amy had saved for him; but it was long befores the united questions of his brothers and sisters could get anything but monesyllables from him.

monosyllables from him.
"Had he found the school?" "Yes."
"Had he any difficulty in finding it ?" "Well, no."
"Had he seen Dr. Wise?"

his brothers and sisters could get anything but

"Yes."
"What sort of a man was he?"
"Well, thin."
"Had he said when they were to go to the "To-merrow."

"Fo-merrow."
"Edward," said Charlotte, solemnly, "you need not try to hide the truth from me. Something extraordinary has happened, I am certain; and besides, I have all along had a presenti-

and besides, I have all along had a presentment."
"Stuff," said Edward.
"I suppose," said Amy, "that Edward sees
something he dislikes about Dr. Wise, or the
school, or the road to it."
"It's the worst road I ever saw in my life,"
E-ward broke in, now speaking very fast, and
pushing his plate away from him; "it's covered
with broken pots. It's a mire long, up one hill,
and down two, and every inch of the way is
covered with broken pots. How Sidney is ever
to walk to the school I don't know."
"To-morrow you will see," said Sidney,
cheerfully.
"But it is not the road," interrupted Charlotte, eagerly; "it is something about the
school."

"You may tell them, then," said Edward; "I "You may tell them, then," said Edward; "I shan't."
"Well, then, I have guessed," said Charlotte, "that br. Wise will prove to be the passenger—my passenger—the horrible man in the brown wig. The minute he got into the car-

brown wig. The minute he got into the carriage I knew that he was something; and now, you see, he is a schoolmaster."

"Is it really so, Edward?" asked Amy and Sidney together. "Was that really Dr. Wise? Did he know you again?"

"Know me again!" groaned Edward. "Why, by this time, every one in the school knows me. As I came across the court a great, red-faced boy put his he ad over a wall and asked me what my sister had done with the doctor's old wig. Know me, indeed!"

boy put his head over a wait and asked me what
my sister had done with the doctor's old wig.
Know me, indeed!"
"Was that all they said?" asked Charlotte.
"It was enough," said Edward, growing very
red, and looking at Sidney in a way which made
both Charlotte and Sidney in a way which made
both Charlotte and Sidney know that some remark had been made about him.

"Well," said Sidney, after a minute s silence,
"I did not see anything to dislike about Charlotte's mysterious gentleman; and I don't see
what harm there is in the boys' having heard
of us before they see us. They must soon tire
of such a stupid joke."

"That shows how much you know about
school," said Edward, choking himself with a
piece of bread and butter.

"Well," said Charlotte, "it is an extraordinary thing, and it proves to me, Edward, what
I have always thought, that you and I are born
to have extraordinary things happen to us;
and, for my part, I am prepared to—to"—

"Do let Edward finish his supper," said Amy.
"We must not be late to-night, for if it is such
a long walk to the school, and Sidney is to go,
we must have breakfast early to-morrow morning."

"Sidner," said Edward, about an hour after

ing."
"Sidney," said Edward, about an hour after he had got into bed, "are you asleep?"
"No; do you want anything?"
"Yes—no. Are you sure you unpacked all the books we shall want to-morrow?"
"Quite sure. Good night."
"But, Sidney, it was not about the books I wanted to speak to you. I want to say something else."

"What is it, Ned?"

"What is it, Ned?"
"Sidney, I'm not a good tempered fellow."
You are always good-tempered to me.
"To you! I should think so; but no, I'm not good-tempered. I'm cross, and I hate to be bothered and asked questions, and I can't say things and make a fuss, as the girls can, so I suppose you often think that I don't care; but Sidney, I want you to understand, once for all, that there is nothing I would not do for you. I sometimes think that if I could make myself into a caterpillar, or a bat, or something of that sometimes think that if I could make myself into a caterpillar, or a bat, or something of that sort, I would do it if it would only do you any good; and now that we are going among all these fellows, see if I don't stand up for you. I can't help feeling rather glad that you are going, because you are so much eleverer than I am that this is the only time I shall ever have of being of any use to you. Do you hear, Sidney?"

Sidney?"

"Yes. I was just wondering whether it is not worth while to be deformed and lame to have such a brother as you, Ned."

"Oh! that's nothing; but you'll promise to

"Oh! that's nothing: but you'll promise to let me fight all your battles, won't you?"
"But then you must fight them in my way."
"In your way! Why, what do you know about fighting?"
"I was thinking about it when you began to talk—about a way of fighting battles. It was something we read this evening; were you listening, Edward?"
"Yes; but I heard nothing about fighting. You were reading in the New Testament."
"Would you mind my telling you over again? We read what Jesus Christ says about not returning evil for evil—about turning the left cheek; don't you remember the verse?"
"He could not have really meant that; at least, I am sure that would never do at school."
"But He must have meant something; and as He said it, Edward, it must do. I was trying to find out what it did mean. It can't mean striving and struggling for our own rights, and resenting every little affront on our own dignlity. Don't you think it is strange, Edward, that we head the sed with the saws and act as if we head! bon't you think it is strange, Edward, that we should read what He says, and act as if we thought it meant nothing at all?"
"Well good night," said Edward. "I can't make promises; perhaps I shall think of what you have said, and perhaps I shall not."

CHAPTER V.

A DAY AT SCHOOL.

The school which Edward and Sidney were to attend; was a grammar-school in a large town.

As the head master was a man of great repute for learning, many pupils came to him from a distance. These lived in his house as boarders, and were acceptanced to leak down more acceptanced.

The school-house ised stood at the entrance of the town. There was a payed contround it, and a row of poplar-trees in front; belind there was an enclosure, which had once been an orehard, and was still called so, though apple-trees and grains had long since disappeared.

All that Side 72 caugh; however, was a yery signed to the pooks and tilling ankstands, and a talk round-faced boy, in very short trousers, and a fackle, evidently too small for him, the sleeves of which it seemed his principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round with activities of which it seemed his principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round with activities of which it seemed his principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round with activities of which it seemed his principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round with activities of which it seemed his principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round with activities of which it seemed his principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round with activities of which it seemed his principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round with activities of which it seemed his principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round with activities of which it seemed his principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round will active to the seemed of the control of the principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round since the principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round since the principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round since the principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round since the principal occupation to upill down. Sincy looked round since the principal occupation of the seeme will be active to the seeme of the principal occupation of the seeme of the principal occupation mals, of all sorts and sizes, grouped round a grey old ass, with spectacles and a wig on; from the ass's mouth flowed a long lable, on which was written Dr. Folliwet Wise. A little n was inserted just over the last syllable of the name, and enlightened Sidney as to the schoolboy version of his new master's name. He was so much interested in this discovery, and by observing that the head of every fox, dog, cat, pig, and reptile, had a strange likeness to a boy, that he was quite unconscious of several vigerous pulls of the jacket from Edward. He had just reached the last figure in the group, a majestic-looking lion, who carried on his forehead the title of King of Beasts, when he was roused by a coarse, loud voice, close to his ear, speaking in broad Staffordshire. "Hallo! what's going on here boys? Old Folly is late at his breakfast this morning, so he has sent Punch to keep us going till he comes."

Sidney turned round at the words. While he had been looking at the wall, the room had filled, and now he looked down on what seemed to him a sea of heads, and several pair of curious eyes were fixed on him. In his confusion he let his crutch fall down on to the ground. It was ail he could do to keep himself from falling, and he felt that it would be impossible for him to get down without help. He looked round for Edward; but Edward had gone after his crutch, which had rolled nuder the fat the. He was obliged to stand still, and, for the first time in his life, met the curious, unsympathizing eyes of strang-CP.

net the curious, unsympathizing eyes of strang

met the curious, unsympathizing eyes of strang-"Come," said the first speaker, "what busi-ness had you to perch yourself on my bench, dirtying my seat with your dusty feet? We don't do such things here. Come down." "so," said another boy, who was sauntering past; "let's have a look at him. He's the new boy that Collins got into a scrape for mimicking. Come here Collins; here's your friend at last." The boy spoken to, whom Sidney recognized as Edward's antagonist at the station, put-up an eyeglass, and favored Sidney with a long stare. "For once," he said, at last, "Wycombe has made a judicious observation. He is very like Punch; it did not strike me before." "For shame," said some one, in a slow, delib-erate voice. Sidney looked in the direction of the sound.

Sidney looked in the direction of the sound. The specker was the boy in the abort trousers, and he seemed about to interfere further, when another actor joined the group, and a clear, loud voice was heard above all the others. "What's all this about? What has made Dudding find his voice so early in the morning?"

"Oh! nothing, King Lion," answered the boy with the eye-glass; "only a new beast come to your majesty's court, and we are thinking what stall to put him into."

"And trying what sort he is," said the red-faced boy.

faced bey, on see the hump on his back?" inter-

There was a laugh from one or two at this speech; but the new comer did not join in it. He looked up at Sidney. Sidney recognized him in an instant—it was their young fellow traveller. A look of disgust and vexation passed over his face, and he turned sharply to the two boys who had spoken last. "Collins and Wycombe," he said, "there is no doubt what you
are." Then, pushing them on one side, he walked up to Sidney and held out his hand. "Let
me help you dewn," he said. "I should like to
know who had the impertinence to put you up

there."
"I put myself up there," said Sidney; "and new I am safe down, thank you, so it does not signify."
There was no more time for conversation.

There was no more time for conversation. Sidney's last words were drowned by the load clang of a beli; the boys all scrambled off in different directions to find their places; and the minute after Dr. Wise entered, and the business of the morning began. It was very bewildering and fatiguing business to Sidney, as different as possible from any experience he had as yet had in learning. He had to stand up in the same class with Edward and about a dozen more, and was set to construe a book which he had read with his father five years ago. Instead of finding it easy, he became more and more puzzled every time his turn came round. While he was thinking of the best way to render a sentence his next-door neighbor took it up—construed, Sidney ing of the best way to render a seutence his next-door neighber took it up—construed, Sidney thought, as badly as possible—and was told to step into his place. Edward's face grew redder and redder, and he received several reprimands for not minding his own business. At last, when the usher was explaining to Sidney that he should be obliged to send him down to a lower class, Dr. Wise happened to come down the room, stood still while Sidney, now arrived at the bottom of the form, translated the last sentence of the lesson, listened to a conversation between him and the usher, in which they differed about the derivation of a word, and, to the surprise of the whole class, interrupted it by carrying Sidney off to his own end of the room, and declaring him to be a member of the first class.

The first class had already concluded their reading, and were engaged in writing out Dr.

The first class had already concluded their reading, and were engaged in writing out Dr. Wise's remarks on the morning's lesson; so Sidney was obliged to pass away the rest of the morning as he best could, by arranging his books in his desk and looking about him.

At half-past one, morning school was over, and most of the town boys went home for dinner. A few, whose homes were at a distance, stayed to dine with the boarders; and Dr. Wise informed Sidney that their father had arranged that he and Edward were to be of this number.

When sidney entered the dining-room, he felt half-inclined to draw back, and say that he had rather do without his dinner than have to eat it in such a crowd, and among such confusion; but a little reflection gave him courage to go on, and after a necessary amount of pushing, and twice

a fittle renection gave nim courage to go on, and after a necessary amount of pushing, and twice taking a wrong place, he found himself seated at the table, with the boy in the short trousers, of whom he had lost sight since morning, on his left, and the boy whom he had heard called Wycombe, on the right. His left-hand neighbor was the first to address

His left-hand neighbor was the first to address him. Before he was quite settled in his place he was greeted by a push in the side, and a whispered, "I say, what's your name? My name's Dudding. I don't mind eating fat."

Sidney told his name and wondered about the necessity of the last piece of information. After a silence of ten minutes the explanation came.—"I don't mind eating fat, you see," said his left-hand neighbor, slowly transferring a piece from Sidney's plate te his own; "and you had better give me your fat to cat, instead of ever giving it to him. Lyon made him last half when he sat here; but no one in the school could do it but Lyon. You had better not try; though you are a first-class bey, you would have the worst of it."

said Sidney.
"Why, Wycombe and I are lower schoolboys, "Why, Wycombe and I are lower schoolboys, and you are in the first class, so you have a right to make us eat your fat, or anything you don't like. Lyon always did. I con't mind fat, or bad potatoes much, so mind you don't ask him—do you hear?—for I heard him say that, first class or no first class, he would not be ordered about by a —— But hush! he's listening." A nervous glance across Silney showed who the he referred to.

"But why am I to give you what I don't like to cat myself?" asked Sidney.

"Why, you are a first-class boy," he said, opening his sleepy eyes wide, "and you can do as you like."

"I don't understand what you mean at all,

you like."
"Well, it will be making you do what you dislike, "said Sidney.

But the information seemed lost on his companion. He looked bewildered, and for the rest of the dinner-time, gave his undivided attention to a dish of Yorkshire pudding, which stood op-

shire, staying with Lyon's father."

"Iow old you like that, Lyon?" said another, addressing the hero himself, who was sitting on the table with one leg up, the other swinging backwar's and forwards.

"It would be more to the purpose to ask old Folly how he liked it," said Lyon, with an emphatic nod of the head.

"Come, Lyon, tell us what you did to him, now; or—Oh! I say, Lyon, Collins says there is a good story about the Doctor's wig. Do let us have it."

is a good story about the Doctor's wig. Do let us have it." said Lyon, who at that moment caught Sidney's eye; "Collins is a fool. He never knows when one has had enough of a thing. What a row you fellows are kicking up! I shall not stand it much longer. I have something or other to do. Oh! by the way, where's Dudding?"

"There," said Collins, "with his head on the table: don't you see?"

"Dudding, you are asleep again!" vociferated Lyon.

"Please, Lyon, I'm certain I'm not," said Dudding, lifting up his heavy head, which he had been leaving disconsolately on the table.
"I'ltell you you are," said Lyon. "Have I not forbidden you to go asleep more than twice after dinner? and i've awakened you three times already. Come and stand here. Did you, or did you not, ask me to help you with your Ovid this afternoon?"

you not, ask me to help you with this afternoon?"
"Yes I did."
"And have I not forbidden you twenty times to make a boa-constrictor of yourself at dinner when you have work to de with me after? Now, how many pieces of pudding did you eat to day?" "Pudding! Why?"

"Leave off pulling your sleeve; you will not find it written up there. Come, how many pieces?"
"Slx," said Dudding.
"That's a stery," said a bystander; "I count-

ed ten."
"How dare you tell a lie to me?" said Lyon,
with a stress on the pronoun.
"It's not a lie," said Dudding; "I only cat

"It's not a ne," said Dudding; "I only eat six."

'He has pocketed the other four, then, "said Collins, sneeringly. "He is always doing that. He takes them home for his mother's tea."

one could, would, or should eat Yorkshire pudding out of Dudding's pocket—not even his mother. I shall keep my eye on you for the future, sir; and mind, I forbid you ever touching another piece of Yorkshire pudding. It works its way up into your brains, and that is the reason it's impossible to work anything else into them. Where is this translation you asked me about? I believe it is going to clear, so I into them. Where is this translation you asked me about? I believe it is going to clear, so I have not much time to waste."

"I've not made it quite right yet," said Dudding, looking piteously round on the group of open-me "had listeners.

"What's that to you?" said Lyon. "I'll make it right; you read on. You begin here, don't you? "Quatuor attates mundi, 'line 101."

After a minute's pulling and looking up his sleeves, Dudding began:—

"If sa quoque immunis restroque intacts, nec ullis Saucia saucia, ipse herself, quoque also, immunis was free, intuctaque and being quite independent, rustro of the harrow, nec ults vomeribus or any ploughshares of that sort, dabat gave out, camia all things, per se by herself, tellus they tell us.

or any ploughshares of that sort, dabat gave out, camia all things, per se by herself, tellus they tell us.

"Contentique cibis nullo cogente creatis, Arbuteos festus, montanaque fragra legebant, Cornaque, et in duris berentia mora rubetis."

"Arbuteosque fistus and the young Arbuti, legebant gathered, cornaque both horns or nuts, fraga and mountain crackers, et duris rubetis and hard, relland toads, berentia sticking to, mora the bramble bushes, contentique and were quite content, cibis creatis with mad dishes, nulla cogente no one cooking them.

"Ver erat steenum: placidique tepentibus auris Mulcebant Zephyri nutos sine semine flores."

"Ver a man, crat wanders, aternum always, placidique Zephyri and the flacid Zephyrs, multechant used to sooth, natos their grand-children, tepentibus auris with temperate airs, sine let alone, semine flores the flower seeds."

Lyon listened gravely to the end, and then handed the book back to Dudding. "Why, Dudding, what do you mean by coming to me to make it right? It is admirable. I would not alter a word. It is the best thing I ever heard. I shall take to eating Yorkshire pudding."

"But is it really right?" said Dudding, doubt.

heard. I shall take to eating Yorkshire pudding."

"But is it really right?" said Dudding, doubtfully. "I shall get caned if I bring it wrong again. Martin said so."

"Ask them all round if it is not," said Lyon, carelessly. "We all know sense from nonsense here, I hope."

"Kight! Yes, to be sure," said one and another. "Do come out, Lyon; we have had enough of Dudding for one afternoon.

Dudding's eyes turned, at last, to Sidney.

"No," said Sidney; "it is not right."

"Who said no?" cried Lyon, jumping off the table.

"I did," said Sidney, coming forward.
"You said no, when I said yes?"
"And pray what business had you to interfere? What business is it of yours to say yes or

no?"
"I was asked, and I spoke the truth," said 8idon," said Collins, who, remembering his discomfiture at the station, was very unfavorably disposed toward the Greys. "A pretty impudent fellow to beard the Lion in his den the nist

day."
The color mounted up into Lyon's face; but The color mounted up into Lyon's face; but for a minute he said nothing; then, to the surprise of every one, he turned to Sidney, and said, in a cordial manner, "Will you come out? It's fine now, and the noise here's enough to deafen any one not used to it."

"Thank you, I will come presently," said Sidney.

Sidney. "What are you going to do in' the mean time?"
"Help Dudding to make sense of this translation. Did you not hear him say he should be purished if he did not get it right?"

punished if he did not get it right?"

"Oh! as for that, he is always punished. It is part of the afternoon's work here. Martin would not enjoy his tea, if he had not caned Dudding first; but, however, please yourself. I never wait for any one. Come, Collins;" and, as he finished speaking, he swung himself round on his heet, and walked away.

"Oh! run after him; run after him; be quick!" cried Dudding. "He's worth ten times more than I am. Don't loose him for a friend for me; he's king of the school. Why don't you run?"

friend for me; he's king of the school. Why don't you run?"

"Because I mean to sit still here and help you first," said Sidney. "Bring your die donary. I am not going to do your translation for you, but shew you how to do it yourself."

"But you can't," said Dudding 'slith a sigh. "Nothing aver will come into sense, with me."

It was harder work than Sidney could have imagined; but, by the time the afternoon schoolbell rang. Dudding had written out a copy of his translation, and had learned more Latin than he had previously done it, any previous month of his school life. He was beginning to have a faint lides that a noun with an accusative ending could not be accuminative case to the verb, and

this is what it is — we are not going to stand a new favorate:

"Why, what now" said one of the boys.

"Are your going to begin another quarrel with Lyon and the boarders? I thought you had had enough of the last half."

"Lyon's not a favorite with the Doctor that I know of," said Wycombe; but any one may see who is going to be the favorite now—the new favorite; and I say we are not going to put up with it. Why, it's a shame. Here have I, and you, and you, and ever so many of us been in the lewer schoel for years; and what notice does the Doctor take of us? and now a follow comers and he gets to the bottom of the class, and the Doctor comes, and he takes him and puts him in the first form for nothing; and I say it's a shame, and that a fellow shan't be a favorite for nothing."

"But he's such a second one's wanted to say. Good-night, mother."
"Have you got anything for me, William?" said little Ellie on the staircase.
"Yes, four pieces. I have wrapped them up in white paper; will they do?"
"Oh! that they will. I am so hungry. But do you think it's right, Willie, to take things without telling mamma?"
"You must not tell her. She would know we were hungry. It would make her so unhappy; and she can't help it now."
"But I wish I knew whether I ought to let

"But I wish I knew whether F ought to let you bring me things without her knowing," said Ellie anxiously.
"Ellie, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Dudding, when he had mounted the stairs in silence.
"I'll ask him about it."
"Who is him?"
"The new boy I have been talking about. Depend upon it, he knows overything."

"The new boy I have been talking about. Depend upon it, he knows overything."

Amv. Charlotts, and Frank were waiting outside the garden-gate when Edward and Sidney reached home. By their own account they had speat the greater part of the afternoon in waiting; and Amy's face was flushed with nervous excitement, Charlotte having entertained her the whole time by supposing all rorts of horrible things that the man in the brown wig might or might not have done to Edward and Sidney. The pleasure of seeing the boys return in good sprints, and Sidney looking less tired than they had expected, however, made up for past anxiety, and the evening was the pleasantest they had spent since they left home. Sidney found time, even in the midst of preparing his next day's lessons, to answer nearly all Charlottes questions about school, and was able to assure her of the very interesting fact, that Dr. Wise was certainly wearing a new wig.

"I have accomplished something, at least," said Charlotte to Edward. "I have compelled a tyrant to change his wig. Some day it will be seen what I can do."

Edward received the prophecy coolly. He was meditating on a part of his own conduct at school that day, at which he could not cease to be astenished. Wycombe had made a face at Sidney behind his back, and Edward remembering the last evening's conversation had not knocked him down.

ing the last evening's conversation knocked him down.

A DAY AT HOME.

"Twenty minutes past eight o'clock, Char-lotte," said Edward, one morning about a month after their school attendance began; "twenty-minutes past eight, and, as usual, no break-fast."

minutes past eight, and, as usual, no breakfast."

"Some breakfast, if you please," replied Charlotte, putting down a jug of milk which she was
bringing in one hand, and a plate of bread and
butter in the other; "some breakfast, and, what
is still better, victory. Would you believe it?
That spiteful Sarah has made it a rule to take
away the breakfast things at a certain time,
whether we have breakfasted or not, and this
morning she positively put everything away in
the larder, and locked the door. But I have
made up my mind not to be trampled upon. I,
at least, will stand up for the family rights and
breakfasts, and you see what I have done. These
are the spoils of war. I spilled a good deal of the
milk in dragging the jug through the pantry
window, and I have torn my hand in breaking
away the wirework; but I have no objection to
suffer in a good cause."

guffer in a good cause."

"Well done," said Edward,
"Don't look grave, Sidney," continued Charlotte, "I am sure Aunt Ellice would never wish you and Edward to go to school without break-

"But she wishes us to have our breakfast in proper time," said Sidney. "How is it that you and Amy are so late? Edward and I have been reading in the garden for half an hour, expecting every minute to be called in to breakfast."

ing every minute to be called in to break-fast.'

"You were up early enough, I know, Charlotte," said Edward; "I heard you go down stairs at six o'clock. What have you been doing ever since?"

"I have always business of my own," said Charlotte mysteriously; "and if I had been doing nothing I should not have come into break-fast, because, as I said before, we must stand up for our rights, and not submit to tyrannical rules."

"I don't see what you mean by rights," said Sidney; "and as to the rules, you know we were always obliged to go down at a certain time at home."

"Frank," said Charlotte, who found the last remark difficult to answer, "are you never going to have done pouring milk into your cup? Pass the jug to Sidney."

Frank, however, seemed to have as little relish for obeving orders as Charlotte herself. He carefully filled his cup to the brim, placed the jug in the middle of the table, and went on with his breakfast.

the middle of the table, and well be breakfast.

Charlote snatched the jug. "You selfish, greedy, inconsiderate boy," she cried. "You have positively emptted the jug. You have not left a drop for Sidney."

"There was not more than a cupful; it was not worth dividing," said Frank, who waited to

Edward's hand was raised to give him a cuff, but Sidney stopped him. "Pray, don't let as quarrel about a cup of mik," he said. "If Frank can bear to take it all for himself, he is welcome, a far as I am concerned. You know Dr. Beame't used to say I was not to drink cold mik." m'k."

'Ard you have to do it almost every morning new," said Edward, dolefully. What a shame it is that Amy never comes down in time to make tea for us! Where is she new I won-

der?"

"Amy really has a great deal to do," said Charlotte. "She has all the beds to make, and I cannot help her, because it is against my principles to make them in Sarah's way, and when I make them in my own she turns them all up again. Then Amy has to make Aunt Ellice likes Amy to give her it better than any one else. She is with Aunt Ellice Thom."

"But it is half-past eight," said Edward. "E thought Aunt Ellice always rang for breakfast at seven. Does Amy keep her waiting an hour and

Before any one could find an answer to this question. Amy herself entered with the keys in her hand.

She made many spolegies for being rather late.

She made many spolegies for being rather late, and then ret about preparing breakfast in her own leisurely, dreamy way.

"The haif-hour has struck," said Edward, jumping up, while Amy was still searching for the right key to unlock the tea caddy. "Skiney, we must be of."

"Sut not without breakfast," said Amy slarmod: "Dear Sidney, do, do stay. Think how bad it is for you to go without your breakfast."

bad it is for you to go without your uncar-fast."

"If he waits for it he will be late for school, and:
that will be still worse for him," said Edward,
"He has been late every day this week, and Dr.
Wise said yesterday that he sould not any longer make a difference between him and the other
boys."

"What did he mean by that?" asked Char-

what did he mean by that," said Ed-ward, imitating the discent of a cane across his hand.
"That," cried Charlette: "Tyrant! How

gets to the bottom of the class, and the Doctor comes, and he takes him ard puts him in the first form for nothing; and I say it's a shame, and that a fellow shan't be a favorite for nothing."

Mother, "said Dudding, bursting into the atting room in the upper foor of the Aouse where his mother Inigad; "mother, there's a new boy come to our school."

"Are you ready for your tea, dear?" was his mother assewer, as she looked wearily up from a heavy black dress at which she was working.

"You and Ellie got your tea, then, mother," said Dudding. "I'm not a bit hungry; I'd such a dinner, and I've my lessons to do."

Ellie's pale face brightened at this speech; and she glanced with satisfaction at the roll and the fraction of butter that stood on the table, besides the three cups, and the pewter tea-pot, and basin of coarse, brown sugar.

"Are you sure you can't eat anything?" said Mrs. Dudding, as, after pouring out three cups of tea, she diviced the roll into two unequal parts, and prepared to put the largest on Ellie's plate.

"Sure; and, mether, dida't you hear there is a new boy come to our school?"

"Well, said his mother, still intent upon her work, which she had carried with her to the teatable; "well, I surpose new boys come to Dr. Wise's school meet half years."

"Well, they do," said Dudding, as if he wondered why he had thought anything about it. He relapsed into silence till the end of the evening, when he reasumed the subject. "Mother, did I tell you about the new boy?"

"Well, they do," said Dudding, as if he wondered why he had thought anything about it. He relapsed into silence till the end of the evening, when he resumed the subject. "Mother, did I tell you about the new boy?"

"Well, be say o! You have told metwice already," said his nother.

"But he's such assessment was a wanted to say. Good-night, mother, said surfaces. I have wranted to say. "Good-night, mother, said interease." I have wranted to say. "Good-night, mother. I have been a mother as a same are a gossip with Besty over the ballusters

despair, and feel inclined to give up trying a'togetle.

While she sat now crying over her faults the
mowing was passing away, and the arrears of
work accumulating. Charlotte and Frank had
come to look upon Amy's crying fits as an agreeabre interruption to lessons, and took care to
profit by them. Charlotte slipped away to have
a gossip with Betsy over the balusters, and
Frank walked softly to the tea-caddy, which
Amy had left open, and helped himself to happen
after lupp of white away.—Atta awayuwa tilling
often r than neassary. Amy did not rouse berself from her fit of painful musing till the clock
struck ten, and Sarah entered fifes a whirlwind
t) say that Mrs. Ellice's bell had rung three
times, and she wanted to know whether Miss
Grey was or was not coming to help her to dress
that morning.

that morning:

"Tell her I'm coming immediately," said Amy, starting; and Sarah shut the door with a bang, which very planity told her contempt for Amy "immediately."

How Amy wished that she had set the children to work immediately after breakfast, now it must be all done in a hurry. The first book that come to hand was opened, and the lesson set in a confused, heefitating way, not at all likes ly to command obedience. Amy felt sure, by Charlotte's and Frunk's cook, that both had been doing something wrong; but she had no time now to impaire about it, when the post upctairs one to impaire about it, when the post upctairs one to impaire about it, when the post upctairs was the dot writing. Sarah's work was, of course, mush factors, and passed by such a large addition to the household, but and the such a sure of the course mush factors, and the sure of the s

To be Continued.

During the present Marcinow's reign the French have constructed railways to the extent of more than 4.500 miles.

A FINE woman, like a locomotive, draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, and transports the mails.